



Mirae and the Turtle Who Moved at Her Own Pace

On a day like any other, when the world feels both big and small, this story begins...

The Last One Ready

Mirae was always the last one ready for sports class.

Everyone else could pull on their shorts, tug a shirt over their head, and change their shoes in what seemed like three blinks. Mirae needed longer. Somewhere between one sock and the other, her thoughts usually wandered off without her.

On this particular day, Mirae sat on the bench with one sneaker on and the other still in her hand. Emma was already dressed. So was Oona. Around them, the other children zipped bags, pushed their feet into shoes, and hurried toward the door.

Mirae looked down at the laces hanging from her sneaker.

If a spider wore shoes, would it need eight shoes — or four pairs? And who would tie all those laces?

“Mirae,” Mrs. Court called from the doorway. “Everyone is waiting.”

Mirae jumped. She pushed her foot into the sneaker so quickly that the tongue folded underneath. She pulled it out, straightened the tongue, pushed her foot in again, and began tying the laces.

Behind her, Emma sighed.

It was not an especially loud sigh. It did not need to be.

By the time Mirae reached the door, everyone else was standing in line.

“You always take forever,” Emma whispered.

Mirae stared at the floor.

Outside, Mrs. Court divided the class into two teams for a game of tag. The moment the game began, something changed.

Mirae flew.

She darted between Emma and Oona, twisted away from an outstretched hand, raced around the climbing frame, and ducked beneath the wooden bridge. Her feet seemed to know where to go before she did.

Emma nearly tagged her sleeve.

Nearly.

Mirae spun away, laughing, and raced toward the far side of the playground.

“Get her!” Emma cried.

Three children chased Mirae. None of them caught her.

Mirae ran until her cheeks glowed and the wind pulled her hair loose. She was not thinking about her feet. She was not wondering where to go next. Her whole self was inside the game — quick, bright, and alive.

When Mrs. Court called them back inside, Mirae was the first to reach the door. Emma arrived behind her, breathless.

“How can you run that fast,” she asked, “when it takes you so long to put on one sock?”

The other girls laughed.

Mirae’s smile disappeared. Her cheeks grew hot.

Still on Question Three

The after-school room had been full when Mirae opened her math book. Pencils scratched. Pages turned. Chairs squeaked beneath restless legs.

Mirae answered the first two questions. She knew the answers. They were not even particularly difficult.

Then a bird landed outside the window with a twig in its beak.

The twig was much longer than the bird. Every time the bird tried to turn, one end caught between the branches. The bird pulled. The twig held on. The bird pulled harder and nearly tipped over backward.

Mirae watched, holding her breath.

Where was it building its nest? Did birds know what their homes would look like before they began? Or did they start with one twig and discover the rest as they went?

Perhaps the nest would be round. Perhaps it would lean slightly to one side. Perhaps the bird had chosen that enormous twig because it planned to build the grandest nest in the entire tree.

The bird gave one final tug. The twig came free so suddenly that the bird disappeared backward into the leaves.

Mirae waited for it to reappear. It did — looking rather surprised, but still holding firmly to its twig.

Mirae smiled.

When she looked back at her math book, the room had changed. The pencils had stopped scratching. The chairs were empty. The other children had finished their homework, put away their books, and gone outside. Their voices floated in from the playground.

Mirae was still on question three.

She looked down at the half-finished page. It wasn't that she couldn't do the math. She could. Her thoughts had simply wandered somewhere more interesting – and forgotten to take the rest of her with them.

By the time Mirae finally closed her book, outdoor playtime was almost over.

She had gained a bird, an impossible twig, and several questions about nest building. She had lost nearly all her time on the swings.

Both were true.

Sometimes her pace opened the world.

Sometimes it made the world wait.

And sometimes Mirae wanted to choose a different pace.

Lately, Mirae had begun hearing the same thing everywhere.

By the front door, with everyone's shoes already on: "Mirae, you're holding us all up!"

At school, it was, "Everyone is waiting for you."

Last week the girl next door had folded her arms. "I don't want to play with you today. You're too slow!"

Until lately, Mirae had never thought there was anything wrong with taking longer. A spider with eight shoes was simply more interesting than a second sneaker.

She had been fast in the game. One of the fastest in the class. Nobody had caught her.

But that was only tag.

The words that followed her through the rest of the day were not *You were impossible to catch*.

They were *You always take forever*.

Maybe something really was wrong with her.

The Turtle Who Knew Her Name

Afterward, Mirae took the familiar path into the whispering woods. It was a soft, sleepy afternoon – the kind when sunlight took its time reaching every leaf. The trees were bright with new green, and the air smelled of pine and sun-warmed earth. A mild breeze moved lazily through the upper branches, and somewhere nearby, a woodpecker tapped a gentle rhythm.

Mirae sat on her favorite log and wrapped her arms around her knees.

“Why can’t I be faster?” she whispered.

“Why would you want that?” asked a voice from beside the path.

“So no one would have to wait for me,” Mirae said. “And maybe they wouldn’t be annoyed with me all the time.”

Then her head flew up. She had not been talking to herself anymore.

At the edge of the path, a broad, domed shape was making its way out from beneath a fern. For an instant, Mirae thought it was a moss-covered stone – until it took another step.

A head reached forward from beneath the shell. One sturdy foreleg followed, and then the other.

It was a turtle with a shell dappled in warm browns and deep greens, like moss, bark, and fallen leaves gathered on the forest floor. Her eyes were dark and bright, and she carried her head with the calm importance of someone who had never once rushed into the wrong place.

The turtle glanced up at Mirae as she passed.

“Good afternoon, Mirae,” she said.

Mirae blinked. “Who are you? And how do you know my name?”

“The woods talk,” said the turtle. “Bria glows. Sage talks enough for three foxes. Neither is especially good at keeping secrets.”

Mirae laughed.

"I'm Elda," the turtle continued. "And I'm busy with my afternoon hike. Don't worry about me. I'm only passing by."

With that, Elda continued on her way.

Elda moved steadily along the path, but each step carried her only a little farther. It took her noticeably longer to pass Mirae's log than it would have taken any other creature Mirae had met in the woods.

Mirae watched her curiously.

"Are you always so slow?" she asked at last.

"Ha! You think me slow?" Elda lifted her head. "You should see a sloth. Compared with a sloth, I am practically a blur."

Elda continued, unhurried as ever, and Mirae laughed.

"But come to think of it, yes," Elda went on. "I am usually this slow on land. This is my afternoon-stroll pace. No need to rush, is there? The creek has never once left without me."

Mirae thought about that for a moment.

"I wish people were more like the creek," she said.

Elda stopped and looked up at her.

"Everyone says I'm too slow," Mirae continued. "They say I'm always making them wait."

"It can be hard to wait," Elda said. "Especially when you need to be somewhere."

Mirae rubbed the toe of her sneaker against the moss. "So they're right."

"They may be right that they have to wait," Elda said. "But that is not the same as you being wrong."

Mirae looked down. "It feels the same."

"I know," Elda said.

Then she continued along the path.

Mirae watched her for a moment. "Where are you going?"

"To the creek."

"May I come with you?"

"Certainly."

Mirae slipped down from the log and joined Elda on the path.

At first, she tried to match Elda's pace. But after three steps, Mirae found herself ahead. She stopped and waited, walked beside Elda again, then drifted ahead once more without meaning to.

It took a surprising amount of attention to walk beside a turtle.

"Does it really not bother you?" Mirae asked.

"What?"

"Being slow."

Elda tilted her head. "You could say I am slow. Or you could say I am gathering momentum."

"What's momentum?"

"Momentum is how much motion something has. The heavier it is and the faster it moves, the harder it is to stop."

Mirae looked at Elda's enormous shell. "The heavy part I can see."

"Substantial," Elda corrected. "I am substantial."

Mirae grinned. "Sure. But I'm not seeing you get any faster, though..."

"You cannot see it, but it is building."

Mirae waited. Elda continued at exactly the same pace.

"No, it isn't."

"Then just picture me going down a hill."

"But there isn't a hill here."

“Minor detail,” Elda said. “That is exactly why I am still gathering momentum.”

Mirae laughed. “Can I say that too?”

“When?”

“When everyone is waiting for me and I’m looking at something interesting.”

“You may,” Elda said. “But it will not make them wait any less.”

Mirae thought about that. “It still sounds better than taking forever.”

“It certainly does.”

They continued beneath the sun-dappled branches.

The Caterpillar Distraction

Mirae had taken only a few more steps when something green caught her eye.

A caterpillar was making her way along the edge of a leaf, bending and stretching, bending and stretching. Wherever she passed, she left behind a row of small, round bites.

Mirae stopped.

Elda continued for several steps before looking back. “Have I lost you?”

“Only to a caterpillar.”

“Ah,” Elda said. “That can happen.”

Mirae leaned closer to the leaf. The caterpillar lifted the front half of her body, appeared to consider the distance ahead, and returned to eating.

“She’s going very slowly,” Mirae said.

“Perhaps she has nowhere else to be.”

Just then, an orange butterfly fluttered between the trees. It circled the branch once and settled on a flower nearby, opening and closing its wings in the sunlight.

Mirae looked from the caterpillar to the butterfly. "Do you think she knows she'll become something like that?"

"Perhaps a butterfly. Perhaps a moth," Elda said. "She will discover the details when the time comes."

"What if she takes too long?"

"Too long for what?"

"What if all the other caterpillars have wings before she does?"

"Then they will have their wings," Elda said. "But they cannot grow hers for her."

The caterpillar took another bite.

"How long will it take?" Mirae asked.

"Growing takes the time it takes."

Mirae considered this. "But turning into a butterfly is magic."

"So I am told."

"Then magic could hurry a little."

"I shall mention it to magic the next time we meet."

Mirae smiled. "Does that mean I don't have to hurry with my shoes either?"

"No," Elda said. "Shoes are not growing."

"That seems unfair."

"Shoes have many faults."

Mirae looked back at the caterpillar. She was still eating, entirely unconcerned by the butterfly nearby.

Then the orange wings lifted from the flower and disappeared into the trees.

By the time Mirae turned around, Elda had traveled several turtle-lengths farther along the path. Mirae caught up with her in two steps.

At the Creek

The trees began to thin, and the sound of running water grew louder. A moment later, the creek appeared between the ferns, flashing silver wherever the sunlight touched it.

Elda walked straight toward the bank.

Mirae followed. "Are you going into the water?"

"Of course."

Elda placed one front foot into the creek, then looked back at Mirae.

"I believe I have gathered enough."

Elda stepped deeper. The water rose around her shell, lifted her gently, and then everything changed.

With one strong sweep of her legs, Elda glided into the current. She slipped around a stone, crossed the sunlit water, and turned beneath an overhanging branch before Mirae had time to blink.

Mirae stared after her, stunned.

"Wow," she breathed. Then, louder, "Elda, you're fast!"

"So it seems."

Elda swept around in a wide circle and headed upstream.

"Wait for me!" Mirae cried.

Elda looked back. "A surprising development."

Mirae laughed and began running along the bank. She leaped over a root, ducked beneath a branch, and raced past the ferns while Elda cut smoothly through the water beside her.

For several shining moments, they moved together — Mirae flying along the bank and Elda gliding through the creek.

At a crooked willow, Mirae stopped, breathless and glowing. Elda circled in the quiet water below her.

“You were so slow on the path,” Mirae said. “And now you’re fast.”

Elda waited.

“Which one is your real pace?” Mirae asked. “The one on land or the one in the water?”

“Which do you think?”

Mirae looked at Elda floating below her. “Both.”

“Precisely,” Elda said. “And several others I have not needed today.”

Mirae thought of the changing room and the game of tag.

“I’m both too,” she said. “Last with my shoes and impossible to catch.”

Elda’s dark eyes caught the light. “I had noticed.”

Then she paddled back toward the bank and climbed onto a flat, sun-warmed stone. The moment her feet touched land, her pace became unhurried once again.

Mirae smiled.

For a while, she watched the sunlight dance across the creek. Elda rested below her, the last beads of water glinting along the ridges of her shell.

Mirae sighed. “Well, being both doesn’t stop people from having to wait for me, does it?”

Elda gave a slow, thoughtful blink. “No.”

“I still want to be faster with my shoes. And my homework. I miss things when I take too long.”

“Then those may be useful places to practice.”

“But it’s all so interesting,” Mirae said. “Birds building homes with twigs that look much too big for them. And caterpillars just keep munching and munching, and then — just like that — half the leaves on the blueberry bush are gone. Mom says they’re killing her blueberries, but I think it’s amazing how much they can manage in such a short time.”

Elda’s eyes widened in mock indignation. “Of course you have to investigate how the birds build their homes. And caterpillars cannot possibly be left unsupervised — not with blueberries nearby.” One eyebrow lifted. “But your timing could use some work.”

Mirae laughed.

“If you want to do some things faster, you can practice that,” Elda said. “But you don’t have to hurry away from who you are.”

Mirae frowned. “That sounds funny. How can I hurry away from who I am? I’m Mirae.”

The corners of Elda’s mouth lifted. “Exactly.”

Mirae blinked. “What does that even mean? I don’t get it. Anyway, how do I know when to be faster? What if I start looking at something and forget? What if everyone is waiting and I don’t notice? What if —”

“Oh, my, my,” said Elda. “Only one question at a time, please. It makes it much easier for me to answer.”

“My questions don’t arrive that way.”

Elda grinned mischievously. “Funny enough, neither do mine.”

Mirae looked at her. “You have questions?”

“Always. At the moment, I am wondering whether this stone is large enough for two.”

Elda shifted precisely one turtle-width to the side.

Mirae climbed up beside her. The stone had been holding sunlight all afternoon, and it gave it back through her clothes.

“It is,” Elda announced, looking pleased with the stone and with herself. Then she added, “Close your eyes.”

“Why?”

“Because your questions need sorting. First, let’s give your attention one thing to do. How many different sounds can you find?”

Mirae closed her eyes.

Beside her, Elda grew still. She stretched her neck slightly toward the creek and listened too.

At first, everything arrived at once — water over stones, the woodpecker somewhere behind them, leaves stirring overhead, an insect humming close to Mirae’s ear.

Then the sounds began coming apart, the way tangled threads do when you pull them gently.

“Four,” Mirae said. “No — five. There’s a small one underneath the others. Like the creek is talking to itself.”

“Six,” said Elda. “You have left out your own breathing.”

Mirae listened for it.

It had gone slow without asking her first.

She opened her eyes.

Elda was watching her. “Your thoughts went where you sent them,” she said. “Now. One question.”

Mirae thought carefully. “How do I get ready faster when everyone is waiting?”

“Put all your attention on getting ready,” Elda said. “One path. No crossroads. No interesting little detours.”

“What path?”

“What do you need for sports class?”

“My shirt. My shorts. My socks. My sneakers.”

“Put them in order,” Elda said. “Then say the list to yourself while you get ready. It will help your thoughts stay on task.”

Mirae looked down at her shoes. "Shirt. Shorts. First sock. Second sock. Sneakers."

Elda nodded once. "A fine path."

"What if my thoughts wander away again?"

"Bring them back to where you left off. Then send them on to the next stop along your path."

"Just like that?"

Elda settled deeper onto the warm stone. "Just like that. But probably more than once. Thoughts can be persistent travelers."

Mirae repeated the list under her breath. "Shirt. Shorts. First sock. Second sock. Sneakers."

She liked the way the words lined up. None of them had eight legs.

"Did you know all of this when you were little?" she asked.

"Certainly not. I've been Elda for a very long time, and I still surprise myself."

Mirae wondered exactly how long a very long time was. She knew that older ladies did not always appreciate being asked their age, even when they were turtles.

Elda turned her head toward Mirae, amusement gleaming in her dark eyes. "Old enough to know what you're wondering."

Mirae laughed.

Elda slipped from the stone and stepped into the shallow water. She lowered her head beneath the surface and came up holding a small, smooth pebble in her mouth. It was gray-green, with one pale line running through its center.

As Elda climbed out again, water ran in bright lines down her shell. She placed the pebble beside Mirae's hand. "Keep it," Elda said. "It's for your windowsill."

Mirae looked at her in surprise. "How do you know about my windowsill?"

"The woods talk," Elda said with a small, resigned sigh. "I try not to add to it." She gave Mirae a mischievous sidelong glance. "Still, it is good to know what is going on."

"Bria glows," Mirae said.

"And Sage talks enough for three foxes."

Mirae picked up the pebble and studied its pale stripe. "And what does it tell me?"

Elda nodded toward the line. "When you want to be faster, send all your thoughts along one path."

"That's all?"

Elda looked at her. "Girl, it is a pebble, not a storyteller. One message is already rather ambitious."

Mirae laughed and closed her fingers around the cool pebble. "It's a good message."

"I thought so."

"Thank you," Mirae said, slipping it into her pocket.

Elda dipped her head. "You are welcome."

"Will I see you again?"

Elda tilted her head, her eyes bright with amusement. "Almost certainly. I am not difficult to catch up with."

Mirae laughed.

When she returned home, she placed the pebble on the windowsill beside Bria's petal and Sage's heart-shaped stone.

Then she said the words once more, quietly, so she would remember them in the morning.

"Shirt. Shorts. First sock. Second sock. Sneakers."

Her Own Surprising Pace

The next morning, when it was time again for sports class, Mirae opened her bag and took a breath.

“Shirt. Shorts. First sock. Second sock. Sneakers.”

She pulled on her shirt and shorts.

“First sock.”

A loose blue thread curled around her toe. It looked a little like a ribbon trying to tie itself into a knot.

Mirae’s thoughts leaned closer.

“Second sock,” she reminded them.

The ribbon would have to manage without her.

She pulled on her second sock, slipped her feet into her sneakers, and tied the laces.

Then she looked around.

Emma was still searching through her bag. Oona had her shirt on backward. Another girl was hopping on one foot with her sock only halfway on.

Mirae was ready.

“You’re first,” Emma said.

“I know,” Mirae replied, sounding surprised anyway.

“How did you do that?”

Mirae grinned. “I was gathering momentum earlier.”

Emma looked at her. “Not sure what that means, but you were sitting down.”

“Minor detail,” said Mirae.

Later that afternoon, Mirae returned to the creek. There was plenty of time before she needed to be home, and no one was waiting for her.

She sat on the sun-warmed stone and watched the water.

In the shallows, the creek hurried over pebbles, bubbling and flashing in the light. Beneath the willow, it gathered into a deep, quiet pool where the leaves hardly moved at all.

A water strider touched the surface.

One small circle widened into another, crossed a third, and disappeared beneath the willow's shadow.

Mirae stayed until the last ripple faded.

The creek had more than one pace, too.

Then, simply because she felt like it, Mirae jumped down from the stone and ran all the way home.

That evening, Sixpence, Mirae's stuffed pangolin, was sitting against her pillow. As always, he was an excellent listener.

"You will not believe what happened today," Mirae told him. "I was the very first one ready for sports class. Me!"

She held up one finger.

"My thoughts tried to wander off with a blue thread, but I brought them back. Then I went to the creek, and it was fast over the pebbles and slow beneath the willow. It has more than one pace, too."

Mirae tucked Sixpence beneath her chin.

"So there isn't something wrong with me," she said. "There is just something I need to practice. That's different."

Sixpence looked as though he had known this all along.

"So why didn't you tell me earlier?" Mirae asked. Then she hugged him closer. "Never mind. I know now."

She pulled the blanket over them both.

... and in the quiet, something small had bloomed and settled.



A Little Heart-to-Heart

A few gentle questions to explore together — to help your child discover their different paces, and see when taking their time or practicing a quicker one might help. They build on each other, following your child's story.

Has anyone ever said “you’re too slow” or “you take forever”? What was happening?

After listening — or if they don't know what to say — offer a moment of your own:

"Once I couldn't find my card at the checkout. People were waiting behind me, and someone sighed. I was so embarrassed that the more I hurried, the harder it was to think. What I actually needed was to slow down for a second — and then figure out how to be readier next time."

How did it feel?

Embarrassed, upset, angry — like everyone was watching?

Then: *"It might feel bad in the moment — and that happens to all of us. I know I'm impatient sometimes too. But I also know it's only temporary, and it doesn't change at all that you are a wonderful person!"*

Name one thing you're fast at — and one thing you need time for.

Eating, getting dressed, biking, swimming, reading, drawing — anything counts.

If they can't think of anything they're fast at:

"Fast means all sorts of things. You can be sad one minute and laughing like a hyena the next. That's fast."

Is there something you'd like to get better at? What would you wish for?

Go first, with something real and small:

"I want to stop leaving my keys in a different place every day. I'm going to put a bowl by the door and use it every single time – even when I'm in a hurry."

If their answer has several steps, put them in order together, the way Mirae did:

What comes first? Then what? And then?

Their thoughts will wander off. They can bring them back and pick up where they left off.

And one silly question:

If a spider joined sports class, would it be the fastest runner – or the last one ready, with eight sneakers to tie?

Or you might practice together:

Elda's Quiet Noticing

A small reset for any moment – before bed, in a waiting room, in the car. It works as a game, too. Play it with them.

Sit somewhere comfortable. Close your eyes, or rest them softly on something peaceful.

What can you hear around you? Count the sounds out loud together.

Keep going past the easy ones. There is almost always a sound hiding underneath the others – the fridge, the wind, a bird two gardens away. And your own breathing, which is the one most people forget.

If your thoughts wander off, bring them back to the next sound.

Nothing to hurry. Nothing to get right. Just listening – and noticing what was there all along.

Children are often better at this than adults. Let them be.

Some Variations

What do you feel? Maybe the softness of your seat, warmth or coolness, your own heartbeat.

What's happening inside you? Maybe your thoughts are racing — or maybe everything is getting quieter.

There's nothing to do and nothing to fix. Just notice. This is how you find your own steady rhythm.

Parent Tip

When your child shares their wishes, listen carefully — they're telling you something important.

If they wish to "be like everyone else" or "be normal," that's pain talking. Gently turn it around: *"You don't need to be like everyone else. What is it about being different that feels hard right now?"* Address the hurt, not the wish to conform.

If they wish for something practical — "finish homework faster so I can play more" — that's healthy. Affirm it: *"That's wise. You can grow in that direction, at your own pace."*

If they wish to be invisible or to disappear, pay close attention. Sometimes it's playful imagination. Sometimes it means they feel overwhelmed, judged, or under pressure. Ask gently: *"What would being invisible help you do? What would feel better?"*

If they wish for something fantastical — to fly like a bird — enjoy it with them. Sometimes a wish is simply wonder.

But if a wish carries longing — more friends, not feeling left out — that deserves your full attention. Ask gentle questions. Listen all the way to the end.

Their wishes reveal their dreams, pressures, pain, and joy.

Honor every part — even the ones that carry emotional weight.

Journal Page Prompt

My Two Speeds

Fast: things you do in a flash.

Slow: things you take your time with.

Make a list for each. Or draw one thing in each box.

(Eating, getting dressed, reading, running, brushing your teeth, choosing what to wear, saying goodbye, deciding what to have for breakfast, laughing.)

My Path

When you want to be quick, it helps to know the order. Mirae's was:

Shirt. Shorts. First sock. Second sock. Sneakers.

Write yours. Morning, bedtime, or getting out the door — everything you need to do, in the order you do it.

The Spider's Sneakers

If you feel like drawing:

Draw the spider getting ready for sports class. Eight shoes. Who ties them?

From my heart to yours — may this story bring light to the quiet places.

The Mirae Tales Blessing Cards

A heartfelt collection for kids learning to love who they are

MIRAE BLESSING CARD

From Story 4 • Card 4 A

You have more than
one pace —
and every one of
them is you

*“They may be right that they have
to wait for you — that you were
slow. But that is not the same as
you being wrong.”*

— Wisdom from Elda (Mirae Tale 4)



MIRAE BLESSING CARD

HOLD THIS WHEN...

...someone sighs, taps a foot, or
tells you that you take forever —
and it hurts.

Being slow happens. It happens
to everyone. It is not something
you are, and it is not something
you will always be. Anything can
be practiced.

There is nothing wrong with you.



From “Mirae and the Turtle Who Moved
at Her Own Pace”

The Mirae Tales Wisdom Cards

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MIRAE WISDOM CARD

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— Wisdom from Elda (Mirae Tale 4)



FOR PARENTS & CAREGIVERS

THE GIFT OF TIME TO GROW INTO IT

“Growing takes the time it takes.”

— Elda

The slowness is real. So is the clock. You will
sigh sometimes — everyone does.

What matters is where the impatience points.
Name the action, not the child: *I need your
shoes on before I've packed the bag* — not *why
are you always so slow*. And when you can, say
this too: *I'm not annoyed with you. I'm worried
about the bus*.

Then give them something to hold on to: one
path, one step at a time, and permission to
bring their thoughts back as often as they
wander off. They will need to, more than once.

Keeping up with your pace is a skill. Skills take
a while.

And they will still stop for a bird outside the
window. That is not the part to fix.

From “Mirae and the Turtle Who Moved at Her Own Pace”

A Note for Parents, Caregivers, and Educators

The Mirae Tales are designed to nurture connection, confidence, and self-awareness in children – whether shared as bedtime stories, daytime reading, or during quiet moments of togetherness.

The little heart-to-hearts, parent tips, and journal prompts included with each tale can be used at any time of day – morning, afternoon, or before sleep. There is no "right" moment – only the one that feels right for you and your child.

Let these tales become gentle companions, helping you build meaningful conversations and celebrate every child's unique light.

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*The Mirae Tales is a heart-born series created to nurture self-love, quiet courage, and the joy of becoming who you are meant to be.
Thank you for reading and respecting the spirit of this work.*